

VOL. XVII.-No. 440.

AUGUST 12, 1885.

Price, 10 Cents



PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878

OFFICE No. 21-23 WARREN ST.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



THE TWO GOBBLERS.

[We do not wish to suggest any analogy to the subject of a famous picture representing two Roman Augurs laughing over the Imposition they are practising on the Public.]

PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$5.00
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42 INCL. POSTAGE. "62"

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

The irreconcilable Republican newspapers ought to meet in convention and lay out a course for President Cleveland. It would simplify matters, and it would be a great comfort and convenience to the President. He means to do his best, and to behave in a way that will win the approbation of the New York *Tribune* and other journals on that side of the fence; but it is very difficult for him to find out what is expected of him. It must cause him a great deal of mental anxiety, this cold unwillingness of the *Tribune* and the *Commercial Advertiser* and the *Mail and Express* to state precisely what they want of him. The poor man is probably fretting his soul out to learn exactly what policy will satisfy his critics. It is simply cruelty to keep him longer in suspense.

It is very puzzling. If he removes Republican office-holders for no cause beyond their Republicanism, he offends the *Tribune* and justifies the predictions of a "clean sweep." If he removes office-holders for cause, he is a sneak and a hypocrite, the charges are "trumped up," and he is "smirching the characters" of the officials, in order to get rid of them. If he doesn't remove the office-holders, then he "excites Democratic disgust," whereby he pains the *Tribune* most deeply. One would naturally think that the *Tribune* would be pleased with Mr. Cleveland when he excites Democratic disgust; but, somehow or other, it isn't.

This kind of thing is not fair. We hate to impute unfairness to the *Tribune*. It is a paper of a delicate, even sickly, sense of honor. But we ask the *Tribune*, in a spirit of love, if it is treating Mr. Cleveland quite fairly in this matter. Wouldn't it be better to come out frankly

THE SILVER LINING TO AN OPIUM CLOUD.



Showing How a Mild Serenity May Be Maintained Under Very Trying Circumstances.

and tell him just what he ought to do? As the *Tribune* observed several times in the course of the last campaign, Mr. Cleveland is a man of no intellectual power, no force of character, no individuality—he is just the person to be the tool of stronger minds. If this is true—and we would not doubt the *Tribune*—he ought to be amenable to kindly counsel from so distinguished an authority as the paper founded by Horace Greeley.

Is it possible—we only throw out the suggestion in a tentative way—is it possible that the *Tribune* was mistaken in its estimate of Mr. Cleveland's character? Is it possible that instead of being the nincompoop and weakling which he was said to be, Mr. Cleveland is a strong, clear-headed, wise and conscientious man, earnestly and faithfully carrying out the pledges he made to the people who elected him, and doing his best to reform our long-mismanaged civil service? Is it possible that the *Tribune's* dissatisfaction with him springs from the fact that his course is making him strong in the affections of honest men of all parties, and that day by day the chances of a blainiac resurrection grow less and less? We trust that none of these things are true, for if they are, then the *Tribune*, and the other papers that act as the *Tribune* is acting, are doing a mean, cowardly and unpatriotic work, and disgracing the name of American journalism.

The proud aristocracy of England is getting to be a menagerie of immorality. It is positively picturesque in its iniquity. The present state of affairs among the upper classes of haughty Albion suggests some weird conception of Mr. William Schwenck Gilbert's topsyturvy fancy. When the apostate angel cried "Evil, be thou my good," he must have given the cue to the British peerage. Nowhere out of Mr. Gilbert's operas have we heard of such a complete inversion of the ordinary standards of conduct as seems to be the rule among the upper classes of England in this last gasp of the nineteenth century. Sin is sedulously cultivated, and paraded with a beautiful complacency; and the idea appears to be that the

higher the sinner ranks, the higher, in a gamey sense, is his morality.

This is not to be wondered at. It is the inevitable result of making an arbitrarily privileged class in any community. If you let the greatest citizen set himself above the smallest of the laws, you lay a burden of temptation upon him which is more than humanity can bear. There is no denying the plain truth that the corruption in aristocratic society in England is due to the immunity from legal supervision which the aristocrat knows that he enjoys. There is a law for him, as well as for the commoner; but it is often a different law, and it is almost always differently administered.

How proud we ought to be that here in America we have no hereditary aristocracy, and only one law for high and low! And yet—and yet—do we treat our stock-gamblers just as we treat our policy dealers? Does the law of the American police-court apply to Mr. Jay Gould?

The rosewater revolution in Tammany is beautiful and pleasant to look upon. The old tiger days of Kelly are gone and forgotten. Tammany no longer bullies and blusters and fights, and flaunts its lawlessness in decent folk's faces. Under the urbane leadership of the gentlemanly and unobjectionable Mr. Dugro, it respectfully solicits the friendship and approval of the public. The picture is a fair one. Mr. Dugro is an excellent man. Yet it may be remarked that his slight and elegant figure is scarcely sufficient to cover the burly forms of Messrs. Dorsheimer and Reilly, withdrawn modestly into the dim unobtrusive background.

THE ROSE may wither in the Fall,
The bird may sing no song at all,
Water may turn and flow up-hill,
The tailor forget to send his bill,
The skies may change their sapphire hue
To brown, and clover turn to blue,
Love may grow cold in summer-time,
Poets forget the art of rhyme,
Skating may come in mild September,
Strawberries ripen in December,
But naught can change the goodly luck
That closely follows PICKINGS FROM PUCK.
Price twenty-five cents.

THE FIVE-CENT SPRING.



LEMONADE, upon
the street
Thee with longing
eyes I greet.
When the sweet
initial sip
Melts into my un-
der lip,
Or across my
tongue doth float
Down my dry, ex-
pectant throat,
All the world 's to
me as bright
As a big electric-
light.

Gazing at you,
liquid iced,

Full of big pineapples sliced,
Full of berries red and blue,
I'm the boy who 'd just like to
Grab that bowl just as it stands,
Lift it up in both my hands,
And drink 'way beyond my thirst,
And in rapturous visions burst.

Talk to me of toney drink!
'Way down in my heart I think
Lemonade 's the best of all
In the summer, spring or Fall;
Come, old man that runs this spa,
Drop that fan from Panama,
Grab your ladle pretty quick,
I can make two glasses sick;
Hear my new dime I rattle down—
I'm the happiest boy in town.

THE HEIR OF THE LATE H. PEGM.

I approached the stranger with some mis-
givings, and said, as directed:

"I beg your pardon, sir. Are you the heir
of the late Hieronymus Pegm?"

* * *

The stranger kindly assisted me to rise, and
politely asked me which half of my coat I de-
sired to put on first. My impression was that
he had struck me with a piece of real-estate,
but something in my eye prevented my seeing
clearly, and something in his prevented my ask-
ing for information. After he had kicked me
once or twice more in an absent-minded man-
ner, he said:

"Young man, I like you. I like your nerve.
If I had a nerve like yours I would go to a
dentist's and have it killed—that is, if I could
find a dentist strong enough.

"I don't mind owning to you, now that our
little argument is all over, that I *am* the heir
of the late Hieronymus Pegm. Perhaps you
have earned the explanation I am about to
give. I don't know. At any rate, I am will-
ing to let by-gones be by-gones—to forget and
forgive.

"I loved that man. Yes, sir, I loved him
almost as well as I did myself. Consequently I
humored him. He was always asking me to
drink, and though I have a hereditary disease
of the liver that is carrying me to my grave, I
always accepted. Some men give their whole
heart to their chosen friend—I gave up most of
my liver without a murmur.

"Then, holding tobacco in utter loathing, I
accepted countless boxes of cigars from that
man—yes, and smoked them, too. I never re-
fused but once, and then my refusal was dic-
tated by a secret fear that he might get to feel
too much under obligation to me.

"Bad as his tailor was, I allowed him to
make suit after suit for me; and though a vic-
tim to chronic dyspepsia, I ate dinner after
dinner at the joint expense of Pegm and my
own internal comfort. I never told him the

agonies I suffered, nor murmured when he be-
gan to order on the wine.

"Finally he came to me one day and showed
me his will, which he had just made. In it he
had named me as his sole legatee. I said to
him:

"Hieronymus, if I do this favor for you,
understand that it shall be the last. I confess
to you that my patience is exhausted. Is it a
bargain?"

"Yes, old boy," he replied, with tears in his
eyes: "Consent to be my heir, and I will be
satisfied."

"I consent, then," I cried.

"That night Hieronymus Pegm blew his
brains out; and in my friendly zeal I had his
will duly probated the next morning, and
placed myself on record as his executor and
sole heir.

"At noon I received a notice from the bank
where he had kept an account announcing an
overdraft; and in the afternoon a demand from
another bank for the immediate payment of a
large sum on Pegm's account, with the alter-
native of having his collateral sold out without
further notice.

"I investigated the matter, and what do you
think I found? That mean-spirited, ungrate-
ful scoundrel had gone and hypothecated every
dollar's worth of property he had in the world,
had spent the money, and left me, his heir,
with nothing but an overdraft on my hands.
After all I had done for him, too.

"It made me just sick to think of it. There
I had gone and ordered a first-class funeral for
this pauper, under the impression that he could
afford it; and every dollar would have to come
out of my own pocket.

"Then the bills began to come in. Will
you believe it?—he had never paid for a single
box of those cigars I had accepted from him,
nor for a solitary suit of clothes. Bar-bills
and dinner-bills poured in upon me as his heir.
I refused to pay, but they tested my liability
in the courts, and got judgement against me.

"Think of a man toting a liver like mine
around town paying bar-bills. Oh, it makes
me crazy to think of it.

"But that is not all. What do you think
the friends of this beggarly scoundrel had the
cheek to do?

"Why, after I had settled his estate, and
paid out of my own pocket over two thousand
dollars cold cash in bills, they brought around
a subscription paper to erect a monument to
his memory, and asked me, as his sole heir, to
head the list with something handsome."

He paused, and I said:

"Well, did you subscribe?"

I have always been sorry that I asked this
question, because I shall now probably never
know whether he did or not. I left the room
somewhat abruptly—by the window, I believe
—and have never since seen the heir of the
late Hieronymus Pegm.

F. E. CHASE.

DROMEDARIES WERE expected to make rare
sport in races with horses in Vienna; but they
proved so slow that the meanest cart-drawers
brought in from the street beat them easily. It
was a great disappointment to the projectors of
the entertainment, who expected the drome-
daries to hump themselves.

THE VISCOUNTESS FOLKSTONE has organized
a string-band in England, every one of whose
one hundred and thirty members is a woman
and an aristocrat. Some of these days the
common people of England will rise up as one
man and wipe out the whole aristocracy. If
this thing is not checked, there will be a brass-
band next.

Puckerings.



SHE reads in the latest novel
About a sour old maid,
Bespectacled and auburn-wigged,
In home-spun clothes arrayed.

A terrible mischief-maker,
A gossip of great renown,
Who spreads wicked rumors round about
Her little native town.

And the reader thinks it awful
That such a one should be
Allowed to live in a decent town
Of high socie-tee.

She thinks it really dreadful
That one should spend her life
Talking of Jones and Smith and Brown,
And this one and that one's wife.

But the reader would dance with fury
All day from dawn to dawn,
Could she but know in the novel bright
She is the gossip drawn.

PINE NEEDLES—Skewers.

A MARYLAND COW is said to chew gum. She
has no teeth.

"FRESH WATERMELONS are a good cholera
preventive." Yes, but arsenic is much surer.

"CARE WILL kill a cat," says some one. Then
when you go out cat-hunting, be sure and take
care.

SMALL BRONZE pigs are found in tombs lately
excavated at Rome. The man who sits cross-
legged in a street-car is evidently of ancient
origin.

AN INSANE judge in California retained his
seat and made decisions for six months after
he became crazy. It is astonishing how it was
ever found out. He probably acted strangely
when he was off the bench.

SHAKSPERE REMARKS that "the good men do
is oft interred with their bones." That may
have been the rule in Shakspeare's time, but the
rule nowadays is to print it in the newspapers
and carve it in big letters on the grave-stone.

A THIEF WHO stole a watch from Jonas Reach,
of Iowa, eighteen months ago, returned it to
him by express the other day. It was probably
one of those watches that require half-a-day
to wind. It is a rich thief who can afford to
carry a watch of this kind.

IT MAY be unkind to say so, but there has
certainly been a great improvement in the
weather since General Hazen sailed for Europe.
This ought to silence those cavilers who have
said all along that the Weather Bureau had
nothing to do with the weather.

A SONG FOR YACHTSMEN.—WORDS AND MUSIC BY W. J. HENDERSON.

Allegro moderato.

mod. *mf* *FINE.*

Yo ho, my lads, I'm a yachtsman bold, I've sniffed the gale in the low-er bay, Yo ho, my bark she is trimm'd with gold, My cab-in walls are in bronze and gray. I get up at nine, when the weather is fine; But when it is wet, I sleep on, you bet! Yo ho, yo ho, blow high, blow low, Oh, what care I if the seas be high? Yo ho, yo ho, Blow high, blow low; I'm a yachtsman bold In a bark of gold.

sf mod. *sf mod.* *mf cres.* *f* *p* *leggero.* *rall.* *cres.* *rall.* *ad lib.*

I.
Yo ho, my lads, I'm a yachtsman bold,
I've sniffed the gale in the lower bay;
Yo ho! my bark she is trimmed with gold,
My cabin walls are in bronze and gray.
I get up at nine
When the weather is fine;
But when it is wet
I sleep on, you bet.
Yo ho, yo ho!
Blow high, blow low;
Oh, what care I
If the seas be high?
Yo ho, yo ho!
Blow high, blow low;
I'm a yachtsman bold
In a bark of gold.

II.
Yo ho, my lads, in my flannel dress
I draw the smoke from a good cigar;
Yo ho, my wine I enjoy no less
For seas that break on the outer bar.
On deck in my chair
I enjoy the fresh air;
But when it is damp
To my bunk I decamp.
Yo ho, yo ho!
Blow high, etc.

III.
Yo ho, my lads, when the storm-winds blow,
When billows pile up mountain-high,
And foam is flying like driven snow,
And dim clouds shadow the angry sky—
Oh, I leave my yacht
In a still-water spot,
And I go ashore
Till the storm is o'er.
Yo ho, yo ho!
Blow high, etc.

ON THE STRAND.



Over the white sea-sands
The clouds go floating by,
And the gulls in snowy squadrons
Circle about the sky.
Here on the burning beach
'Tis sweet to list to the roar
Of the moaning, droning billows
That break on the shining shore.
Up in the soft blue sky
The clouds in clusters loom,
And they look in the fleecy distance
Like orchards all in bloom.
All that I wish for now
Of life's acknowledged sweets
Is a cigarette that's Turkish
And a good clear-printed Keats,
And a girl I know to talk
Romantic folderol
By these sad sea billows, under
A strawberry parasol.

OH, YES, my son, upon the seas
There's often trade in a wholesail
breeze.

OLD Captain Clew was a very old tar,
He went out sailing every day;
He usually sailed in an oyster bay,
And he never went beyond the bar.

SYMPATHY.



MR. A. (who has come out for a day's pleasure on his friend's yacht).—"Say, Jack, what's all the racket overhead?"
JACK.—"There's a vessel to windward making signs of distress."
MR. A. (very faintly).—"Signs of distress? Send 'em some basins."

FREE LUNCH.



SOME ONE has said: "The world is full of poets who never wrote a line." If all the poets were of that kind, the size of waste-baskets could be materially reduced.

"ARE YOU anything of a yachtsman?" asked the city editor of a seedy-looking reporter.

"Oh, yes; I am a great sailor."

"Are you afraid of a strong wind?"

"Not much. That's what I've lived on most of the time since I came on this paper."

AN EXCHANGE asks: "When is the best time to go fishing?" That is easy enough to answer. The best time is when you are so crowded with work that you hardly have time to go without your lunch. At least, that is the time you want to go the most.

FREE WIND.—An Amateur Tenor.

LAMIA.



LAMIA, thou art wistful wise,
With knowledge born of sorrows;
Lamia, thou hast mystic eyes,
Full of sweet to-morrows.

Lamia, thou hast lashes fair,
Long and soft and curling;
When thou lift'st them—ah, that's rare—
The glance sets blood a-whirling.

Lamia, thou hast lips so red,
A man might gladly sever
Soul from body, and lie dead,
To kiss them warm forever.

Lamia, that's the whitest arm
That ever lace enfolded;
Venus must have lost a charm
When that fair limb was moulded.

Lamia, that's a dainty hand,
With diamonds on it basking;
A man might give up house and land,
If he'd get that for asking.

But, Lamia, I will ask thee not,
For all thy smiling pensive—
I'll ask thee not to share my lot:
The racket's too expensive.

W. J. HENDERSON.

SOME NATURAL HISTORY.

THE HORNET.

The hornet is an interesting study—after he is dead. I, for one, want no intercourse with the swift-soaring warbler commonly called the hornet until I am convinced that he is thoroughly deceased.

I have been reading in a learned work on winged things that a family of hornets is composed of males, females and neuters, and that the males just sit around and give orders, while the females and neuters do all the work about the house and gather in the daily provisions. The same high authority intimates that the male hornet does not sting, but is purely ornamental, as it were, courting ease each shining hour, stroking his blond moustache, and wearing a glad smile all day long. I wish I could believe this of the male hornet; but I cannot. My confidence in him is weak, and no male hornet shall approach very near to me, if I know it, until he has furnished satisfactory evidence that he does not carry a deadly weapon concealed about his person.

I can recall the time when a family of hornets forced themselves into my society without waiting for an introduction, and I don't want it to occur again. The details of the affair are quite indelibly fixed in my memory's archives. I shall never forget how it feels to be pierced to the heart by the red-hot dagger of the bald-headed hornet until memory's page is obliterated, and the congregation has passed around my defunct remains and rendered an honest decision as to how I look in complete repose.

I was but a sad-eyed, thoughtful boy, with flaxen hair and a tired cast of countenance, and I ordinarily moved about with considerable deliberation, because deliberation seemed to agree with me. When I was sent to fetch anything I sort of meandered, and if I met anything by the way that was alive I would stop and throw a stone at it. That is the manner in which my young genius budded, and drove the person who would send me on errands to exasperation and profanity.

One beautiful summer's day, when the reapers were in the field, and the golden grain was falling before the flashing scythes, and the catbird was warbling merrily in the hedges, and I was resting, oh, so restfully, under the tree that bore the early harvest apples, a summons came from the commander-in-chief of the department that a friendless boy bearing my name should go down through the orchard to the bubbling spring at the foot of the hill and fetch the harvesters a brimming bucket of water. I had not meandered far when I saw a beautiful hornets' nest upon a low limb which hung almost directly over my path. It challenged my admiration, for it was as big as a peach-basket, and as symmetrical as an old-fashioned jug.

I wasn't in much of a hurry, so I set the bucket down, and put my hands in my pockets, and made a careful and critical observation. At that time there was a strong love of natural history in my ardent nature, and when I saw something that I didn't fully understand I was prone to investigate. Now that I am older I am not so much that way.

I noticed that there was one old hornet sitting at the main door, and that he wasn't asleep. He had black eyes and a yellow moustache, and he looked mad. I am convinced now that he was mad. He was the grand outer guard, the exterior muc-a-muc *pro tem.*, or something of that sort, I suppose. I had never before seen a hornet with such an impudent countenance, and I thought I would just pick up a stone and hit him between the eyes, and then run before his friends and fellow-citizens found out the cause of the trouble. I was an impulsive boy at times, and I did not always stop to reason a thing out before I did it. Usually I caught a conclusion suddenly by the slack of the trousers, and then, if I found that it wasn't the conclusion I wanted, I just let it go.

There was a nice smooth stone lying just at my feet. I picked it up, and with all the vigor of youth and an impulsive arm I threw it straight at that old bald-headed door-keeper.

I do not think I hit him. It is my impression now that he saw me stoop down for the stone, and immediately whistled for four millions of his relations, who were holding a family reunion, or ratification meeting, or durbar, or something, inside the nest, to come out and help me go away from there.

All that I distinctly remember about the occurrence is that something stabbed me in about nine hundred places at one and the same time, and that I left the scene with considerable impetuosity. I longed for some solitude in the midst of which I could collect my scattered thoughts, and I went in search of solitude. But every hornet in the congregation seemed determined to go with me to the end. I had never before had anything so much attached to me. The warm desire of those hornets to remain in my society for an indefinite period was affecting to my young and tender mind.

I went through the harvest-field so fast that the harvesters got only a glimpse of my yellow hair, as it flashed through space like a frolicsome meteor on its mad career. When they learned who it was that was going so rapidly they could hardly believe that their eyes were not deceiving them. They had never seen me in a hurry before, and naturally they were surprised. They had noticed that when I came from the spring I usually meandered, but on this occasion I turned aside for no obstacle. I lowered my record far beyond the expectations of my most sanguine friends, and as the last and best-winded hornet reluctantly gave up the chase and turned back to report, I fell over the fence surrounding the orchard, and the thought came into my mind that it was very, very hard to die so young and fair, when the world was so bright and full of promise, and the early apples were just getting ripe.

A traveling phrenologist who came along that way next day was deeply interested in me. He made a survey of my bumps and declared that I had the most remarkable head that had ever come under his notice. My love-of-home bump and my language bumps, which were about the size of goose-eggs, particularly surprised him. Then there were many other remarkable bumps, he said, that were not laid down in the books, and which he could not place without some research. He had never seen so many bumps by half on any boy's head as I had, and he declared emphatically that I would grow up to be either a kleptomaniac or a great moral reformer. He felt that he would like to say definitely which I would be, so that my friends could feel easy one way or the other, he concluded, but there was such a confusion of bumps that he was for once nonplussed, and Time, the great revealer, would have to settle the matter.

Since that day I have seen the hornet in his native lair a number of times, and I have invariably let him alone. He is not the sort of warm personal friend I like, and I therefore avoid him. If I crowd him, and he will just throw out a gentle hint that he wants more room, he can have all he wants.

SCOTT WAY.

RHYTHM AND RICHES.

The summer winds were
crooning,
When with you I sat a-
spooning,
While I swung your hammock
slowly, Belle Marie.
My sorrow I can't
tell, oh!
For you wed another
fellow,
Who could hire two maids to
swing you by the sea.



OPTIMISM.

Optimism is both a beautiful and unbeautiful thing. It is both a friend and enemy of man, and it is pretty difficult to decide whether it should be fostered at our fireside as a guest, or driven through our gates as a dangerous interloper.

He is unquestionably blest who can be cheerful in adversity; but he is as unquestionably not blest who can be too cheerful in adversity. For, if a man can smile at trouble and snap his thumbs at care, the chances are that he is indifferent to prosperity, and considers Fortune unworthy the necessary effort to gain it.

All tramps are optimists, and that is no mean argument against optimism. These unfortunate creatures sit beneath shady trees by the wayside, and enjoy a free-from-care, balmy state of mind that no millionaire ever experiences in the brightest of his golden dreams. The tramp's bed is fresh and green, and dappled with flowers from Nature's wildest stores. His goblet is the crystal spring that sparkles through the meadow. His food comes from the hand of him that worries and frets while he gets it by the perspiration of his bald head. The tramp cares not how much his benefactor struggles, or for the mental pain he undergoes in his race for wealth. The tramp is happy and contented, because he knows he is dependent on no one, and never can be worse off. He keeps in the air so much that he is never sick, and he manages to get along so nicely without money that the possession of the same doesn't worry him in the least.

If the tramp should suddenly become pessimistic, and foresee rainy days, hard times, periods of sickness, clouds of trouble, he would immediately see the importance of fortifying himself against the same with money, and would naturally fly to the large and already overcrowded cities to find a market for his labor. This influx would naturally have an ill effect on city people who are already out of employment, as it would increase their number. Therefore, the unemployed desiring employment should be thankful that the tramp is an optimist of so deep a dye that nothing, from clubs and kicks to the fangs of the relentless bulldog, can mar the perfect sunshine of his life.

The young lady who looks over the gunwale of a vessel only to wring her hands in fear at the thought of the ship sinking is a pessimist. She predicts a marine disaster right in a calm, and in the anticipation of a storm really suffers more than an optimist would if the storm came. Were this young lady an optimist, she would look at the water, clap her dear little hands with delight, and tell her companion in a fit of hysterical ecstasy that she would be perfectly happy if she only had an Ottoman silk dress of that peculiar steely green-blue tone.

The organ-grinder is a natural-born optimist. Just see how good-naturedly and indolently and smilingly he carries his heavy unmusic-box about. He would not think of carrying a hod for a livelihood. Yet it is a question if a hod of mortar is as heavy as a hand-organ. Watch the Italian grinder as he grinds, and you will invariably find his countenance sanctified by a smile that extends to his ear-rings. If you give him a cent he grins and strokes his monkey. If you give him nothing he smiles and strokes his monkey just the same, and hopes for better luck, while his wife holds the well-thumbed tambourine under her arm, and contemplates you with a Madonna-like smile that you couldn't break with a club. If these musicians were aware of the absurdity of the position they occupy, and of the contempt in which they are held by all respectable people, they would abandon their peripatetic minstrelsy for an employment more dignified, if less lucrative. They would abandon it not because of the contempt

of respectable people, but because of a wholesome physical fear of bricks, clubs and other extraneous matter.

After all, it is hard to say whether optimism is a blessing or a curse. But we will say that we consider the best instance of an optimist extant the man who is sitting bubbling over with glee, the sunshine percolating through his heart, waiting for the magic missive from Washington informing him of the fact that he has just been appointed postmaster.

R. K. M.

JOSEPH TAYLOR offers to let the current carry him over Niagara Falls for \$10,000. Mr. Taylor is extravagant. It is believed the current will undertake the job for a much less sum.

"A BOY WHO does not play base-ball, and is willing to work for good wages" is advertised for by a Greensboro, N. C., merchant. The merchant is not unreasonable. Most men object to paying a boy seventy-five dollars a week for standing around three days in the week and abusing an umpire.

Answers for the Anxious.

LAGARDE.—Thanks; but don't trouble yourself. The weather is too warm.

V. D. D.—You will never be a poet; but you would make a very fair foundation for a tomb-stone.

MNEMOSYNE.—There is more chewing-gum than culture in your flowing verse. The rest is waste-basket.

J. R. P.—No, we cannot send your joke back to you. The courts have interfered, and have ordered it sent to the Home for the Aged and Infirm.

W. G.—Oh, yes, the merry jest about “vulgar fractions.” No. 27,692 on the retired list. It was quiet, that antique gag—it was not disturbing you. Why did you stir it up?

WILFRED.—Your merry jest excited hilarity in the ark, and set the laughter of the Pharaohs echoing among the pyramids. We have now laid it to rest, and we hope that it will stay laid.

R. MORGAN.—You will write us a humorous article if we send you PUCK for one year, will you? Oh, you will. Well, now, suppose you write one while you are waiting for us to send the paper. You'll have plenty of time, Mr. Morgan.

FREE LUNCH.

SOME ONE says "the wise man sells his knowledge." If he gave his knowledge away, he would be a fool; and if he were a fool, he would have no knowledge at all. Ergo—a man who gives away his knowledge has no knowledge to give away.

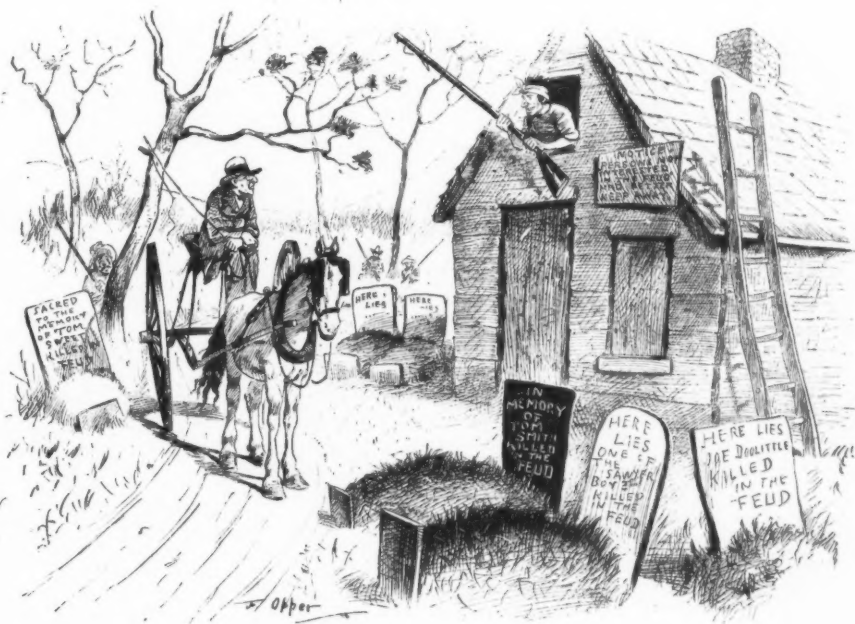
MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER has quit verse-making at the age of seventy-five. Let's see, wasn't it Tupper who was asking for aid some time ago? In connection with this we would observe that he is a very estimable gentleman, and anything given to him will not be wasted.

AN INGENIOUS Frenchman has invented a machine by which a man can cut his own hair as easily as he shaves himself. It will never take the place of a barber, though. No mere machine can ever snip the corners of a man's ears, paste his mouth full of lather, get hairs down his back, and talk to him at the same time. The age of miracles is past.

WHEN LITTLE Johnny Carruthers entered the house, and displayed a forehead upon which there was a lump as big as an egg, an eye surrounded by all the colors of an artist's palette, and a nose streaming with its own gore, and then explained to his anxious mother that he had been out to play, she wondered what would have happened if he had got into a fight.

NO, CLARIBEL, we cannot tell you the best way to make clam-fritters. We have never eaten a clam-fritter. We have often tried to; but we are compelled to confess with shame and humiliation that we have always failed. We have eaten home-made boarding-house bread, and we live to tell it. And we have even got away with a rubber doll-baby by mistake for a cruller. But we have never yet succeeded in eating a clam-fritter. We have managed the fritter part, Claribel, but the clam part has always remained to point the finger of scorn at us, and we are willing that it should do so till the end of time rather than that we should tackle it again, Claribel.

HAPPY KENTUCKY!



KENTUCKY FARMER.—"I'm sorry, stranger, but I can't entertain ye to-night; there's a little feud goin' on here just now, an' I've got my hands full."

PUCK.





THE RESISTLESS MARCH OF REFORM.—THE “HOSTILES” MUST GO!



This is the time of year when the gay and frolicsome cyclone is hatched out on the impulse of the moment, and goes tripping recklessly across the country, playfully pulling things up by the roots, and carrying the household and kitchen furniture miles and miles away from home, sweet home.

Bald-headed scientists have been for several years studying the habits of the cyclone in motion, and are now able to teach us how we may know a genuine cyclone when we see one without going up to it and looking into its mouth. They tell us that the true cyclone is funnel-shaped, is cut full at the waist, and carries its little end down. It comes always from the southwest when it is hatched north of the equator, and doesn't give its right-of-way to anybody.

I have not closely studied the funny habits of the cyclone myself, and I will not engage to do so for even a much larger salary than I am now earning. I was never robust, and I should not want a cyclone to make itself familiar with me, though by so doing it should add greatly to my store of scientific information. I am willing to accept as true all I have read about the sportive cyclone, and when I feel that I really must know more about it than I can

learn from current literature, I will go and converse with some person who has shaken hands with a cyclone and is left to tell the story.

The average cyclone of Western birth does not seem to be discriminating. Frequently it will go right around the saloon that sells the worst liquor, and yet pause to pull up by the roots, debt and all, the most fashionable church in the town.

The cyclone is no respecter of persons, either, and is devoid of the common courtesies to a marked degree, reaching down as it does for a total stranger, and mixing him up with a section of worm-fence, the stock of a board-yard and other uncongenial *débris*, and dallying with him until one or two of his legs are broken, and treating him with just as much familiarity as if he were an old acquaintance. Sometimes, nay, often, the good, the true and the talented are grabbed up, and rudely jostled and hurled through space in company with persons who usually move in an entirely different circle of society, and are finally landed in the branches of a crab-apple tree far away from home, and without money in their pockets to pay their way back, whilst the hardened criminal and the confirmed punster are passed by unnoticed.

The more you study the ways of the cyclone, and the more familiar you become with its habits, the less you are inclined to strike up an intimacy with it without a thorough examination of its testimonials as to its character. You have no desire to warm it in your bosom, knowing as you do that it will turn and seize you by the slack of the clothes in an unguarded moment, and toss you playfully into a piece of country where you have no rich relations, and from which you will have to walk home.

Every well-regulated home in Kansas now has a cyclone-hole attachment, to which the family circle flees with impetuosity and a bag of dried apples whenever the dread cyclone comes gaily galloping o'er the lea, seeking whom and what it may knock galley west, and every description of real estate for sale draws special attention to the fact that the premises are supplied with all modern conveniences, including a commodious and comfortable cyclone-hole in the back yard, only one minute's skip from the back door. Into this the settler and his family can retire with the household gods whenever a spiral cloud, cut full at the waist and carrying its little end down, shows a disposition to call and be familiar; and after the performance is all over the settler can come out and make some jocular remark about advertising for his Queen Anne hen-coop, which was last observed traveling in a north-easterly direction.

Not long ago a peculiarly playful cyclone was hatched in Delaware. Being a strictly native product, it was quite properly a trim little cyclone, graceful and airy in its movements and as playful as a kitten.

At one point it took up a rich woman's clothes-boiler, and after

carrying it a distance of two miles, put it down intact at the back door of a poor woman who had no clothes-boiler of her own. At another place it reached down the wide chimney of a wealthy farmer, gathered up a lot of small shoes and stockings from the front of the fire-place, whirled them into the next school district, and put them down in the yard of a poor and deserving man with a large assortment of bare-footed children. A Kansas cyclone would not have been content with a few pairs of second-hand shoes and stockings; it would have taken the house, or else pulled the chimney out by the roots and carried it far away to the premises of some person who was already possessed of more chimneys than he wanted.

The thoughtful reader will please note the vast difference between the habits of the Delaware and the Kansas cyclones.

As the gay and sportive Delaware cyclone hereinbefore referred to capered on in its mad way, pulling up a fruitless peach-orchard now and then for amusement and to show the farmer the folly of wasting good ground to support unfruitful trees, it gathered in its embrace a fine brood of thirteen spring-chickens of just the right size to broil, and five miles away put them down unharmed in the back yard of a poor country editor, whose last herring of the crop of '85 hung in the smoke-house ready and willing to follow its comrades who had gone before. It is not in my heart to speak ill of a cyclone that would do a thing like that.

I was not at home when the cyclone called, but I presume it had no special business with me. It did not take anything away from me that I have missed, and I do not notice anything new about the premises since its visit, save a strange cat and nine striped kittens. I did not need any additions to my already large and varied selection of cats, but as my neighbor lost about the same hour a sad-eyed yellow dog who had fallen into the bad habit of pouring his woes into the bosom of the night in a peculiarly distressing tone of voice, I feel compensated for any annoyance that my new lot of cats may cause me. My neighbor misses his dog sadly. He appears to be bowed down with grief; but what is his loss is my eternal gain.

Any person who has a thought of coming to Delaware to live need not be afraid of the true Delaware cyclone. It is full of odd, cute tricks, but it is kindly at heart, gay and cheerful in disposition, good to the poor, and disposed to overlook the faults of the rich. If it should by chance hurt a person while dallying with him in a playful way, I will give my word that it wasn't done on purpose.

After a man has taken the arm of a sportive Delaware cyclone, skipped across nine or ten peach-orchards, and had to step high in order to avoid stubbing his toes against church-steeple and one tall thing or another in the way, he likes the exercise and speaks of it to his friends with warm enthusiasm.

For myself, I would prefer some sort of exercise less exciting and more suited to my frail constitution and timid, shrinking nature; but if I were compelled to choose between taking a promenade with a Delaware cyclone and taking part in a game of base-ball, I think I should take the arm of a cyclone and go skipping along with the procession.

SCOTT WAY.

NATIONALITY.



FIRST OFFICER.—“Well, where are you from, and what do you intend doing?”

CORKONIAN EMIGRANT.—“Sure, Oi'm from Oireland, sir. Oi'm goin' to shlay in New Yark a day or two; thin Oi'm goin' to Canada.”

SECOND OFFICER.—“He be blowed! He's no Irishman. If he was, you couldn't drive him out of New York.”

THE HON. EPHRAIM MUGGINS PUTS ON THE ROLLERS AND STRIKES OUT.

BUT HE DOESN'T GO DOWN.



TIME was when I looked on the skating-rink as the enemy of good morals, a place to be avoided as though it had a pestilential influence, pernicious to the well-being of young folk, and detested alike by min-

isters of churches and the managers of itinerant opera troupes and theatrical companies. I gave them a wide berth, as any moral man who wishes to set a good example naturally would.

But I found I was very greatly mistaken. One day there appeared in one of the provincial papers an article from a representative of the liquor interest, complaining bitterly that the skating-rinks were ruining his business. It set forth the astounding fact that all the nice young men who used to hover around the saloons and play pool for drinks, or match dominos for the cigars, were now taking their girls to the skating-rinks, squandering all their money, and wasting their valuable time on roller-skates, with some balmy young lady at their side, while the poor, unfortunate saloon-keepers, cigar dealers, and proprietors of billiard-parlors were actually drifting into bankruptcy, and in imminent danger of starving to death.

Following this came another fusillade from the camp of the skaters, in the form of a letter from a moral, high-toned and indignant skater, acknowledging the fact, and asserting that if such was the case, the skating-rinks were accomplishing a great deal of good; and if it was true, as it undeniably was, that the rinks were drawing the young men away from the saloons and bar-rooms, then all good people, including the ministers and deacons of churches, as well as the proprietors of "Pinafore" shows and other nomadic circuses, must acknowledge that they were doing a great reform work.

I must confess that it struck me the skating-rinks had the weight of argument on their side.

We talked the matter over together, Mrs. Muggins and I and the other members of the family, and they finally persuaded me that, in the interest of morality, and as a shining example to other drummers and opera troupes, I ought to put on skates myself and strike out.

Me! me!—the dignified head of the rising Muggins family! Me! who had never had on roller-skates in the whole course of my natural existence!

Well, every man has his idiotic moments, and in one of those intervals of chaotic lunacy I allowed myself to be persuaded, and I went deliberately to the once detested rink, and put on the whirlimajiggers, and—struck out!

When I went in first I was, of course, a trifle verdant; and, although I took my whole family with me, as an example, I insisted on taking the lead, paid the shot myself for the whole tribe, and went in.

"Where's the skates?" I asked.

"Oh, they're extra," said one of the attendants.

"Well," said I, pretty loud, so they could all hear me: "I thought there was a swindle about the thing somewhere."

"It's the regular thing," said the attendant: "You see, everybody that comes in don't want to skate, so it's only fair to charge extra for the use of the skates, and the wear and tear of the floor."

"Oh, well," said I: "it's all right, I suppose."

I've come here for the sake of example, to encourage what I consider a moral enterprise. Let's have a pair of skates."

"Right in this little room," said the attendant.

So into the little room I went, and planked down my ten cents for a pair of skates like a man.

While I was putting them on, I noticed that the young lady who occupied the den where they peddle out the skates, and who scoops in the dimes, kept her eye on me, as though she expected to see a free circus when I undertook to get up; but I didn't intend to make a panorama of myself just then, not if I knew it.

When I was younger I used to be a sort of slim-jinks, but now, since I have padded out my internal diaphragm with so much cod-liver oil, and milk, and other pinguinuous beverages, I have augmented my adipose tissues to that extent that I can't get both legs over my head as I used to.

Still, I meant to disappoint the young lady who kept her eye on me so persistently. I hoped she would cast her eye around on some



other "feller"—but she didn't. I wasn't so soft as to imagine that she was "struck on my shape," and I wasn't so vain as to feel any desire to "show off," and so at last I got up, grabbed hold of the wall, the chairs and anything that would afford adequate support, and I succeeded in wabbling out to the rink without going down.

I caught the young lady's eye; she looked grieved to think that her confidence had been so ruthlessly misplaced, but I smiled a sort of defiant smile at her, and went on.

I had placed my family in a front seat, where they could easily see me, and applaud whenever I should go by; but, somehow, I couldn't seem to get the hang of the skates. They wouldn't go as I wanted them to, but had an obstinate way of darting off into by and forbidden paths.

Still, I didn't go down.

Oh, no—I ain't the kind that goes down easy. I have got a good deal of "spread" and "give" to me, and I can squirm around a good deal, and come up standing every time.

"Now, Ephraim," said I to myself: "brace up and strike out!"

Then I made a lunge diagonally to the right, just as I saw the other fellows doing, but the thing didn't work. My head and arms and body went all right, but my dum feet sprawled out all ways.

But I didn't go down!

I almost bent double, in my efforts to get my plumbendicular, but I got her! Then I observed the eyes of a good many in the auditorium fixed on me, and I thought I ought to

make a little speech, just to explain to them that I had not come there to show off my adroitness as a skater, but simply for the sake of *example*. So I braced myself, pulled off my hat, made a bow to the audience, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen!"

Just then the band struck in, whang-it-te-bang, toot-it-te-toot, and nobody could hear a word I said.

Some of the idiots snickered right out.

I was just gathering myself up for a sweep around the rink, when one of those smart young dudes and his girl came swinging around the corner, cutting a sort of pidgeon-wing, and locked arms with my off leg, which I hadn't quite drawn up yet to the striking-out point, and down they went, flop. Then another couple came along and spread themselves out on the first two fools.

But I never went down a bit. Not I!

I squirmed around, gee-hawed my feet about a spell, and before the other idiots had got themselves untangled, I was standing up as plumb as a hay-stack.

Then the audience clapped their hands and cheered me. I didn't pay any attention to them, however, but started on my wild career once more.

O, the deliciousness of the poetry of the motion of the skate! O, the delights of the mazy mazes, of the swinging, of the curving of the skate! O, the bewildering, entrancing, dreaming of the sporting, of the rolling, of the waltzing, of the playing of the dancing, of the cavorting of the skate!

But somehow I didn't cavort any, for shucks. Sometimes I would get knocked along a little on my way, by some one running against me; but I hadn't got a quarter way around yet altogether. I made up my mind that the skates were the wrong size for me—either that there was too much toe for the heel, or too much heel for the toe—I couldn't tell which, and I was just about turning around to go back, when a big fat man ran, plump, right against me, and went down as though he was shot.

But I stood up like a major!

He must have got a good bump, for he didn't move after he struck the floor, and two of the attendants came and gathered him up and carried him off. I had killed one man, anyway.

Still I didn't go down!

Then one of the steerers came up and asked me if he could go around with me.

"Well," I said: "I hadn't got quite used to these skates yet, and so, if he wasn't otherwise engaged, he might steer me around just once, to sort of break me in."



Well, then we did go a-flyin'! He yanked me along lively. My feet flopped around as

though they were trying to escape and get away from me; but they had to come along with the rest of my legs.

But I never went down!

Just as we were going past the Muggins family they clapped their hands according to instructions, and I yanked off my hat in acknowledgement of the applause, and I somehow partly lost my balance, for I twisted around a little, and that threw the steerer out of plumb, and he grabbed at the air as though he thought it was something to hang on to, and that would hold him up in an emergency; but he was mistaken. There ain't wind enough in a little mite of air like that to hold anybody up; and so down he flopped.

But I didn't go down.

I twisted around, and had to struggle a good deal to keep my feet from getting off to the opposite sides of the rink, and it wrenched my spinal back-bone like thunder; but I gritted my teeth together, and kept up in spite of fate.

I let the steerer go. I had had enough of him. He came mighty near throwing me down, the great awkward lunk-heads.

Then I played it alone. I got around opposite the band, and just as they struck up another tune, my right foot slipped a little, and, as I yanked it back, my left slipped; and when I got that back, away went my right again, first before, and then behind. I thought, my soul! I should go down in spite of all I could do. My feet slid out and back, and rattled around lively; and I'll be blistered with mustard plasters if the crowd didn't think I was dancing a jig, for they formed a little ring around me, and I kept it up for nearly five minutes before I could get straightened up; and then they clapped their hands, and shouted: "Bravo! Bravo!" and all the while the perspiration was just running off me like a spring freshet.

But I never went down!

Then I wobbled along back to the "place or point of beginning," worked my passage into the little room, took off my skates, and told the attendant that I thought they had had enough of my example there for one night; and he smiled a sort of sardine-like smile, and said he "thought they had."

When I handed the skates back to the young lady in the caboose she looked sad. I didn't make any remarks about it, however.

Then I got my family together, boarded a horse-car, and started for home. I let all the passengers know that I had been to the skating-rink for the sake of my example, and that although I had killed one man—at least, I didn't hear that he ever recovered—and had floored a dozen others, including one of the steerers, I never went down once, myself!

I think I did well. I am satisfied that if I can only have a little more practice I can cut all the didos that any of those skatorial skaters

A CERTAIN INDICATION.



"Yes, Mrs. Levy, my leedle Shulius vos goin' to be unodder Beethoven—he blays dot biano like an ainchel, *und* he vos deaf, too."

—From the German.

can, and not make any great hoodalow about it, either.

I went clean around the rink the first time, and stood up all the way around. That's more than most of those snipper-snappers can do, anyway. I never went down once!

Yours vertically,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

We were driving down the winding mountain road. The sunshine was golden and the air was direct from the Gilead balm-works.

"Ore never wearies of the mountains," said the Professor: "nor of the sea. Changeless, yet ever changing; always the same, yet ever varying in mood and expression, in dimple of sunlight and shadow, in calm and in storm; we love them with a sort of worship; we never weary of them, and we would lovingly linger in their shadows forever."

Nine miles further on the stage went to irredeemable smash, the blistering sun escorted the party back to the hotel, and when they struck the seventh mile up the grade, the Professor stood still a moment to say, with uncovered head:

"If I had known what kind of rock-patch this barren, foredoomed, abandoned mountain country was, I would have gone to the great Sahara for the summer. I would rather live ten thousand years in the middle of a desert alkali prairie nine million miles wide, without even a cactus on the whole reservation, than to own this whole mountain range and have to live on the prettiest bit of it three days a year. Of all the eternal blights that warp and wrinkle the fair face of Nature with a warty excrescence of lightning-scathed rocks and fire-swept pine

barrens, there is no desolation this side of Gehenna equal to a mountain range."

And then he boiled clear over because we laughed at him, and he went away behind a big granite boulder and kept the recording angel so busy for the next fifteen minutes that there wasn't a single entry from Texas made in that period.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"COME, shake thy levity, and tell me this. Is 't 'cause some poet said that every dog must have his day that Providence injects these dog-days in our local almanac?"

"Oh, hound me not with queries such as that. Patience is soluble in summer heat, and though I'm smelted, I am off the scent of things facetious. List thee, girl! Were it not well, by way of antidote, that we should interchange some acrid speech, and by this method bring about a little coldness 'twixt us twain?"

"Nay, nay! Let it be rather ours to overcome this torrid season in love's common way. And to this end, me own, I'll freeze to thee."—*Yonkers Gazette*.

SMALL BOY (reading paper).—"P-h-e-n-o-m-e-n-o-n. What does that spell, pa?"

Father.—"Phenomenon, my son."

"What is phenomenon, pa?"

"A phenomenon is a man who never asks, 'Is it hot enough for you?'"—*Oil City Derrick*.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M.

Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.

Numbers 9, 10, 26, 371 and 418 of English PUCK will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy.

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OPEN EVENINGS. 76

Numbers 9, 10, 26, 371 and 418 of English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE poet begins his lay with the lines, "The sun is blazing overhead. High noon hangs quivering in the sky." All right, that may do very well for the latitude of New Hampshire, but it doesn't fit the clock down this way. In some parts of New England it may be that the sun blazing overhead at high noon is a phenomenon so remarkable that it is deemed worthy of notice in the public prints, but here it does something of that kind every day. Now, if at some noon we should see the sun blazing away underfoot we should call Keno on that very row. We'd either do one of three things, or all; quit standing on our head, or write a poem about it, or change our drinks.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

ONE moonlight evening an intoxicated individual, who had been for some time swaying to and fro, in earnest contemplation of a telescope in Union Square, New York, finally mustered his powers of locomotion, and approaching the proprietor, said, in a persuasive tone: "See 'ere, you, a—say w—when you goin' to touch her off? More 'n a dozen people's sighted the thing. Now, why don't you touch her off?"—*Denver Opinion.*

THE Concord School of Philosophy has just discussed a subject of great interest to the members of our fire-department. A report of the proceedings says that Dr. Hedge talked for more than an hour of that remarkable world called "Das Maerchen." In the days of the old volunteer fire-department in New York, "Jakey" and "Mose" called it "Der Masheen," but they were not classical spellers.—*Norristown Herald.*

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For Summer Wear.

Our New
SERGES, MOHAIRS, PLAIDS, CHECKS, and
DIAGONALS.

Finest Assortment in the City.

Suits to order from \$20.00

Pants " " " 5.00

Samples and Self-measurement Rules Mailed on Application.

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The Tailor.

141 to 151 Bowery
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Broadway & 9th Street,
Opposite Stewart's, New York.

WANTED LADIES AND GENTLEMEN who wish to make \$5 to \$4 a day easily at their own homes. Work sent by mail. No canvassing. Address 218 with stamp **Crown Mfg. Co., 204 Vinc St., Cin'ti.O.**

CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

Address

C. F. CUNTER, Confectioner,
78 Madison St., Chicago.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR
AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.

WAREROOMS:

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SOHMER & CO.

CHICAGO, ILL.: NO. 209 WABASH AVENUE.

LUXURIOUS SLEEPING & LOUNGING GARMENTS,
SEND FOR SAMPLES
PAJAMAS

THOS. MILLER & SONS, 1151 BROADWAY, N. Y.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

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IF YOU USE A BOAT,

Stop rowing backward, and use the "Belle City" combined oar, a perfect bow-facer, plain oar, and canoe-paddle in one; works in any common oar-lock. For hunting-boats it is unequalled, as the blades do not fall in the water when released. Attachments separately when desired, for converting common oars into bow-facers. Send for descriptive catalogue.

W. W. LORD, Racine, Wisconsin.



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BICYCLES.**

THE POPULAR STEEDS OF TO-DAY

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For Ladies and Gentlemen.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE.

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INDELIBLE
INK**

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Pickings from Puck.

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Restoration
to Health
and Beauty
to the
CUTICURA
REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a
Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1.00. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

Cancer of the Tongue.

A Case Resembling that of Gen. Grant.

Some ten years ago I had a scrofulous sore on my right hand, and with the old-time treatment it healed up. In March, 1882, it broke out in my throat, and concentrated in cancer, eating through my cheek, to the top of my left cheek bone and up to the left eye. I subsisted on liquids, and my tongue was so far gone I could not talk. On October first, 1884, I commenced taking Swift's Specific. In a month the eating places stopped and healing commenced, and the fearful aperture in my cheek has been closed and firmly knitted together. A new under lip is progressing, and it seems that nature is supplying a new tongue. I can talk so that my friends can readily understand me, and can also eat solid food again. I would refer to Hon. John H. Traylor, State Senator, of this district, and to Dr. T. S. Bradfield, of La Grange, Ga.

MRS. MARY L. COMER.

LaGrange, Ga., May 14, 1885.
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.
N. Y., 157 W. 23d St.

CHAMPLIN'S
LIQUID PEARL
FOR BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION.
REMOVES SUNDOWN TAN, FRECKLES, leaving the skin soft and fair, adds great beauty to the complexion. MRS. PATTI and all beautiful women use it. ONLY 50 cts. a bottle, worth double that compared with other articles for the same purpose. All Druggists Sell it. Be sure you get the genuine.
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DENTAL OFFICE OF
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NO. 162 WEST 23D STREET, Bet. 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y.

PEARLS IN THE MOUTH.



Beauty and Fragrance

Are communicated to the mouth by

SOZODONT,

which renders the teeth pearly white, the gums rosy, and the breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth without injuring the enamel.

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TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.

LITTLE BOY,
Parents' joy,
Took the colic—
Paregoric.
Doctors came
Without number;
Boy died game—
Cucumber.

—Chicago Tribune.

A BRIGHT little girl who lives in Hyde Park asked for a second saucer of ice-cream the other evening.

"I don't think it's good for you; ask your father," said her mother.

The girl went into the library and put the question.

"Not much," said her father, emphatically.

"Papa says I can have a little," she reported to her mother, with truthful and innocent eyes.

—Chicago Tribune.

A METHODIST conference in Georgia has forbidden church members in its jurisdiction to attend base-ball matches. It is supposed the members lose their money by betting on the games, and have just that much less to invest in the wheel of fortune and other games of chance at church-fairs. —Norristown Herald.

A REPORT of a base-ball game says, "Larkins knocked Fulton, the new pitcher, all over the field." This must have been an agreeable change for the umpire. It is a long lane that has no turn in it. —Graphic.

THE fly is said to have a capacity to jump two hundred times its own length. American bank officials are not flies, but—well, we have forgotten the distance from Montreal to Ottawa. —Norristown Herald.

THE Maharajah Dhuleep Singh owns 17,000 acres of land in England. He is going to split his name into pickets and fence in his land. —Chicago Sun.

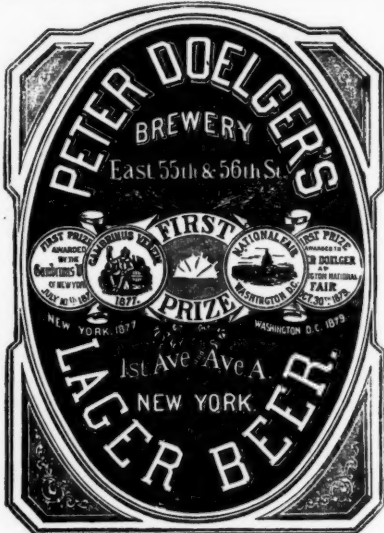
THE chap who said a beautiful woman was a poem would probably call a Boston girl a spectacular drama. —Richmond Baton.

CHOLERA, DIPHTHERIA, FEVERS, MALARIA, prevented by the use of REED & CARNICK'S SODIUM HYPOCHLORITE (Disinfectant). Recommended by the Public Health Association as SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER DISINFECTANTS AND GERMICIDES. Sold everywhere. Send for Pamphlet, 182 Fulton St., New York.

Whether you prefer the sea breeze or the bracing mountain air for your summer vacation, you should not omit to provide yourself with a bottle of **Angostura Bitters**, which is the acknowledged standard regulator of the digestive organs. Be sure to get the genuine article, manufactured by
DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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Over 22,000 Now in Use. Write for Catalogue.
WAREHOUSES, 3 W. 14th ST., N. Y.



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A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE FOR \$1200



... This marvelous house has been built more than 800 times from our plans; it is so well planned that it affords ample room even for a large family. 1st floor shown above; on 2d floor are 4 bed rooms and in attic 2 more. Plenty of Closets. The whole warmed by one chimney. Large illustrations and full description of the above as well as of 39 other houses, ranging in cost from \$400 up to \$6,500, may be found in "SHOPEL'S MODERN LOW-COST HOUSES," a large quarto pamphlet, showing also how to select sites, get loans, &c. Sent postpaid on receipt of 50c. Stamps taken, or send \$1 bill and we will return the change. Address, BUILDING PLAN ASSOCIATION, (Mention this Paper.) 24 Beekman St., (Box 2702), N. Y.

ANGLO-SWISS MILK.

CONDENSED MILK.

MILKMAID BRAND.

Economical and convenient for all kitchen purposes. Better for babies than uncondensed milk. Sold everywhere.

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EDEN MUSÉE.—55 West 23d Street. Open from 11 to 11. Sundays from 1 to 11. — Wonderful Tableaux and Groups in Wax—Chamber of Horrors—Trip round the World in 600 Stereoscopic Views—Concerts in the Winter Garden every afternoon and evening. Admission to all, 50 cents. Children, 25 cents.

WITH \$5

YOU CAN SECURE A WHOLE

Austro-Hungarian Government Bond, Issue of 1870.

These bonds are shares in a loan, the interest of which is paid out in premiums three times yearly. Every bond is entitled to

THREE DRAWINGS ANNUALLY,

until each and every bond is redeemed with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond must draw one of the following premiums, as there are no BLANKS.

	1st Premium	2nd Premium	3rd Premium	4th Premium	5th Premium	6th Premium	7th Premium	8th Premium	9th Premium	10th Premium
1	150,000 Florins	120,000 "	100,000 "	80,000 "	60,000 "	40,000 "	20,000 "	10,000 "	5,000 "	2,000 "
2	150,000 Florins	120,000 "	100,000 "	80,000 "	60,000 "	40,000 "	20,000 "	10,000 "	5,000 "	2,000 "
3	150,000 Florins	120,000 "	100,000 "	80,000 "	60,000 "	40,000 "	20,000 "	10,000 "	5,000 "	2,000 "
4	150,000 Florins	120,000 "	100,000 "	80,000 "	60,000 "	40,000 "	20,000 "	10,000 "	5,000 "	2,000 "
5	150,000 Florins	120,000 "	100,000 "	80,000 "	60,000 "	40,000 "	20,000 "	10,000 "	5,000 "	2,000 "
6	150,000 Florins	120,000 "	100,000 "	80,000 "	60,000 "	40,000 "	20,000 "	10,000 "	5,000 "	2,000 "
7	150,000 Florins	120,000 "	100,000 "	80,000 "	60,000 "	40,000 "	20,000 "	10,000 "	5,000 "	2,000 "
8	150,000 Florins	120,000 "	100,000 "	80,000 "	60,000 "	40,000 "	20,000 "	10,000 "	5,000 "	2,000 "
9	150,000 Florins	120,000 "	100,000 "	80,000 "	60,000 "	40,000 "	20,000 "	10,000 "	5,000 "	2,000 "
10	150,000 Florins	120,000 "	100,000 "	80,000 "	60,000 "	40,000 "	20,000 "	10,000 "	5,000 "	2,000 "

Together 4,650 premiums, amounting to 1,119,800 Florins. The next redemption takes place on the Fifteenth of August, and every bond bought of us on or before the 15th of August is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out-of-town orders sent in REGISTERED LETTERS, and inclosing \$5, will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing. Balance payable in monthly instalments. For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,
160 Fulton Street, cor. Broadway, New York City.
ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, as lately decided by the Court of Appeals, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

N. B.—In writing, please state that you saw this in the English Puck.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of all

STOMACH BITTERS,

AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.

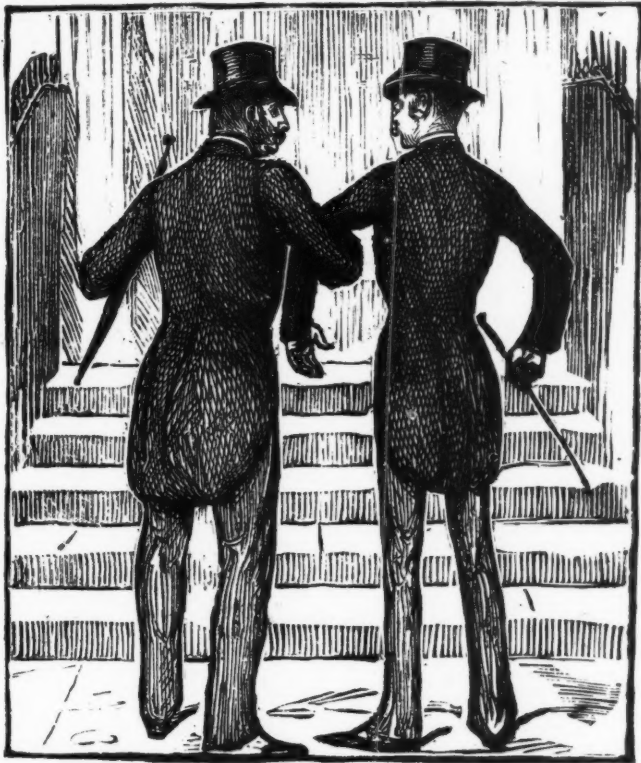
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OPIMUM HABIT QUICKLY CURED.

The Opium and Morphine Habits can be quickly and secretly cured at home by the perfected treatment of Dr. KANE, (late Superintendent of the De Quincey Hospital, and author of several books on Opium). No pain, nervousness, or lost sleep. A certain and reliable cure, endorsed by the Medical profession. No interference with business. Send PAMPHLET, with charges, medical endorsements and testimonials, sent Free. Strict Privacy. Dr. H. H. KANE, 174 Fulton St., New York.

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MAKING SURE.

"COME INTO THE CLUB, OLD MAN. I'VE GOT A BET ON THE RACE, AND IF I WIN I'LL STAKE A BOTTLE OF PIPER HEIDSIECK!"
 "BUT IF YOU LOSE?"
 "OH, WE'LL HAVE ONE TO KEEP OUR SPIRITS UP!"
 "BUT WE MAY BE TOO EARLY TO KNOW, YOU KNOW."
 "OH, WELL, WE'LL HAVE ONE TO PASS THE TIME!"
 "ATL, RIGHT!"

(FROM LONDON PUNCH)



LOVELL ALL CLAMP
ROLLER SKATE!
We Challenge the World to Produce its Equal.
Sample Pair sent postpaid on receipt of price.



CHAMPION
SINGLE BREACH-LOADING



Top-Snap Action, Pistol Grip, Rebounding Lock, Patent Fore-end Fastening. For good workmanship, convenience of manipulation, hard and close shooting, durability, and beauty of finish, this Gun has no equal and challenges the world.
 PRICES: Plain Barrel, 12 bore, \$15.00; 10 bore, \$16.00.



PRICES:
Cuff, Plain, \$4.75
Cuff, Polished, 4.00
Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.
Special catalogue of Police Clubs, Hand Cuffs, Leg Irons, Police Hooks, Chain Twisters, Pocket Holsters, Police Dark Lanterns, &c. Sent Free on application.



Using 38 S. & W. C. F. Cartridges. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Send for large catalogue of Roller Skates, Rifles, Revolvers, Air Rifles, Police Goods, Guns, etc.

JOHN P. LOVELL'S SONS, Boston, Mass.

Numbers 9, 10, 26, 371 and 418 of English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy.

"WHAT smell is that, my dear?"
 "Cloves, my love."
 "But the other odor?"
 "Cinnamon, darling."
 "But I smell something else."
 "Oh, that's allspice."
 "But I'm certain I smell something that isn't spiced at all."

"That's an apple I ate just before I came in."

"Well," said Mrs. B.: "if you'd only swallowed a ham-sandwich and a drink of brandy you'd have all the ingredients for a good mince-pie."—*Unknown Exchange.*

"How are you coming on in business?" asked a gentleman of a Dallas merchant.

"I am having a hard time of it. Luck is against me."

"How so?"

"Didn't you hear how burglars broke open the store and robbed my rival over the way? Just think of what a lot of free advertising he gets. I don't want to fail and get rich, but I'm being driven to it."—*Texas Siftings.*

EMIGRANT rates from New York to Chicago have been reduced to one dollar. But this will not benefit stranded opera and theatrical companies. They generally need low fares from Chicago to New York.—*Norristown Herald.*

THEY make two billion shingles every year in Michigan, and yet the small boy in that state grows up and turns pirate just the same.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Wall Street Failures.

Some of the failures on Wall Street are directly due to a want of judgement caused by mental strain and overwork. All financiers can avoid such a condition by the use of DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY, which will furnish abundance of physical and mental strength to fight the monetary battle successfully. Insomnia, produced by worry and overwork, is wholly cured by its use. It is guaranteed absolutely pure and free from inflaming poisons, and is the great remedy for all pulmonary diseases, malaria, pneumonia, and diphtheria. Leading druggists and grocers sell it.

"You don't seem to have the slightest knowledge of natural philosophy," growled a Brooklyn man, as the iceman left a chunk on the sidewalk.

With a what-the-deuce-do-you-mean expression in his eye, the dispenser of frigid water retorted:

"Yes, I do."

"Then what do you mean by leaving so small a piece of ice on a red-hot day, and such large chunks in cold weather?"

"Because I know that heat expands and cold contracts. If I left you a bigger piece this morning, before night it would swell so that you couldn't get it in your refrigerator. Good-day!"—*Drake's Magazine.*

CHIEF OF POLICE (to applicant for appointment).—"Do you ever work on clews?"

Applicant.—"No, sir."

C. of P.—"Do you operate on theories?"

Applicant.—"No, sir."

C. of P.—"Well, I shall certify you to the commissioners for appointment as chief detective."—*Boston Transcript.*

A CONNECTICUT boy won a pair of boots for constructing 3,032 words out of "Congregationalist." A boy who does that sort of thing evidently needs boots more than he does hats.—*Graphic.*

QUAKER CHILL-CAKE CURES MALARIA!

AND CHILLS AND FEVER.

Superior to Quinine and all other Remedies.

It will quickly and absolutely cure Malaria, Ague, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. It is in the form of a cake, to be eaten just as if it were a cake for refreshment. Pleasant to take and perfectly safe. Relief experienced within twenty-four hours. It acts gently and agreeably upon the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, hence upon the blood, effectually removing the cause of the disease.

Quaker Chill-Cake is pronounced by those who have used it the most efficacious remedy ever known. A trial will convince the most skeptical. Price, One Dollar, by mail. Further information, circular, and testimony free. Address,

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BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. D. SIEGERT & SONS.

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LEMONADE AND GINGER ALES.

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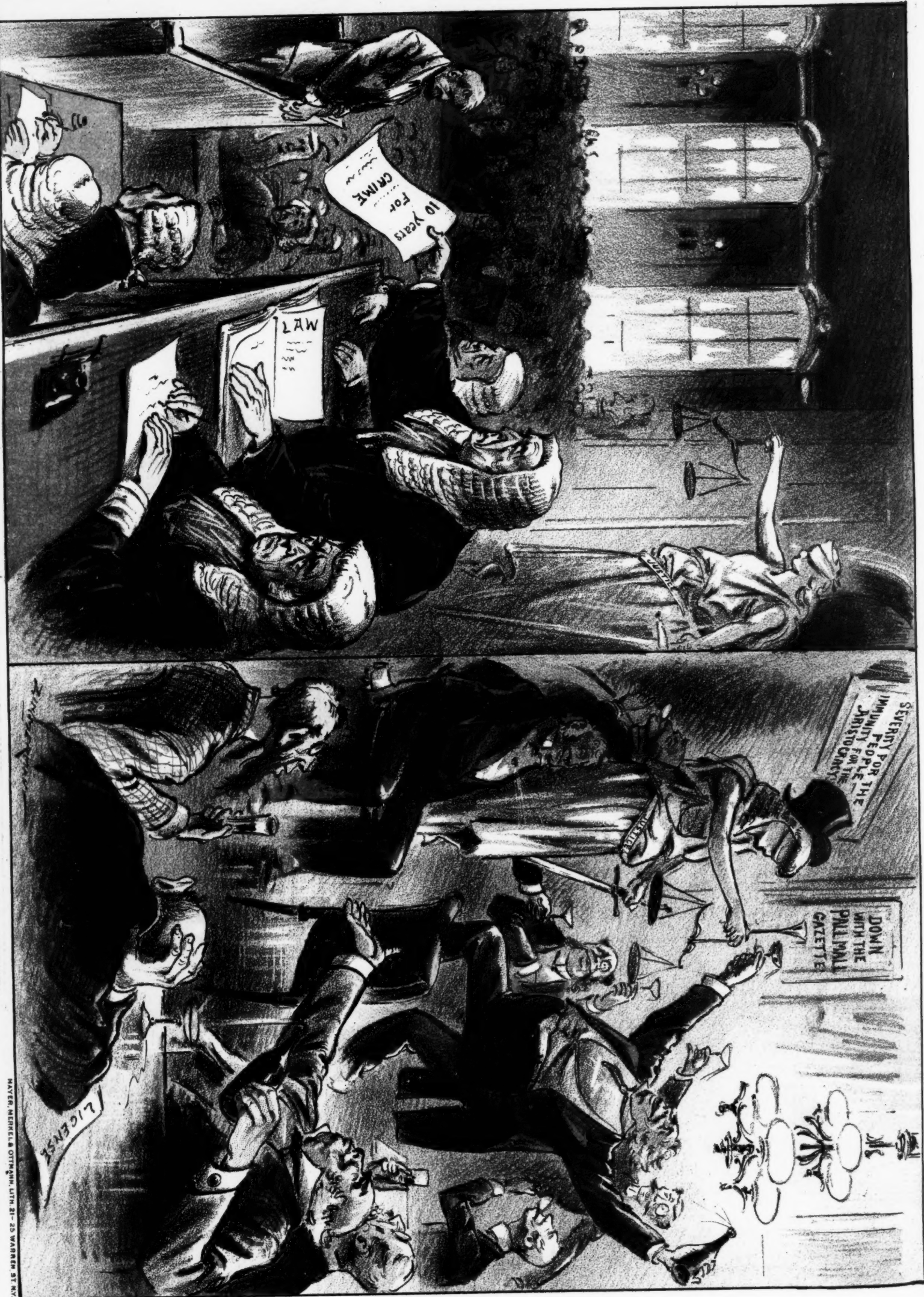
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LAW AND LAW-GIVERS IN ENGLAND—BEFORE AND BEHIND THE SCENES.